FRENCH GUNS SHOOT DOWN ANOTHER AIR HUN

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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VOUCHER P. 1083 A

ADMIRAL BEATTY MOURNS AT THE FUNERAL OF BRITAIN'S NAVAL HEROES WHO DIED IN THE NORTH SEA VICTORY.



Admiral Beatty.

In a quiet corner of a churchyard, within sound of the sea, a touching ceremony was witnessed on Thursday, when three naval heroes who had given up their lives for their country on board the battleship Tiger in Britain's North Sea victory were laid to rest.

Amongst the mourners were Admiral Beatty, the man who has twice defeated the squadrons of Admiral von Tirpitz and Captain H. B. Pelly, of the Tiger. On the coffins lay Union Jacks. There were many beautiful flowers.

H TOO SLIM TO WATER MILK.

Shady Dairymen Charge 4d and Get 5d a Quart.

HOUSEWIVES CHEATED.

The difficulty of the housewife with a slender allowance to "make both ends meet" increases daily.

Bread has already risen a halfpenny per loaf this week.

Early next week—perhaps on Monday—it will go up another halfpenny, bringing up the price of the 4lb. loaf all over London to 8d.

Here are yesterday's prices of wheat and those of the Crimean War period :—

COST OF WHEAT.

1854-5	100s. per qr.
Yesterday	60s. per qr.

COST OF 4lb. LOAF.

1854-5	1s. 2d.
Yesterday	7½d.

The raising of the price of milk is also under consideration of London dairymen.

NO INCREASE AT PRESENT.

At the beginning of the week it was announced on the authority of the president of the Metropolitan Milk Dealers' Society that there would almost certainly be an increase of a penny a quart.

It was stated yesterday, however, that while the members of the society remain convinced that there is every necessity for increasing the price a step of that kind is at present impossible owing to lack of organisation amongst the trade.

A leading representative of the trade explained why some milk sellers are opposed to any alteration in price. He declared that the public are deprived of genuine milk.

"To retail the milk as it comes from the cow at 4d. a quart is at present, he stated, a commercial impossibility.

"The profits of some London dealers," he added, "are considerable them already to get 5d. a quart, and those men naturally say they can pay their way, although they only charge the householder 4d."

SLIM DAIRYMEN.

Explaining those dealers' methods, he pointed out that, according to the Local Government Board's regulations, milk must contain not less than 3 per cent. of butter fat.

"The normal quantity of milk fat is just over 4 per cent.," he said, "and many thousands of gallons of separated milk—milk from which the butter fat has been abstracted—come to London every day.

"In proportion to the excess of butter fat over the standard allowed by the Local Government Board the unscrupulous dairyman can add his separated milk, and the proportion usually available is generally something in the region of 25 per cent.

"The cost of the separated milk is infinitesimally small, and the profit is large.

"The result is that the householder is robbed of a good deal of the nutrition of the milk, and is really getting an article of inferior quality.

"It is a difficult matter to detect cases of this kind. The dealer who surreptitiously adds a few quarts of water to a churn of pure milk is easily detected on an analysis being made, but the scientific analyzer is a difficult person to get hold of, unless he is caught in the act.

Eggs are one of the few articles of food to drop in price during the week. Last week new laid eggs were 2s. 4d. per dozen. Yesterday they were 2s. 3d.

Meanwhile, with colder weather and the need of bigger fires, the cost of fuel is mounting up. A few days ago fourteen bundles of wood could be bought in the suburbs for sixpence.

Sixpence to-day will only purchase ten smaller bundles.

Since last week coals (hard cobbles) have risen in price from 27s. to 28s. 6d.

MILLIONS FOR A DUCHESS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 28.—The will of Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, the railroad magnate, whose only daughter married the Duke of Manchester, has been filed.

The whole of the estate is left to the duchess and afterwards to her children. There is no mention of the duke.—Central News.

The Duchess of Manchester was married under romantic circumstances. She was Miss Helene Zimmerman, daughter of Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, whose fortune was estimated at many millions of dollars. One morning she and the young duke went out for a walk and were wedded at Marylebone Church. Her father was very angry when he heard of the wedding, but at a later period the bride was forgiven.

BOY CRUSHED IN A LIFT.

At a Southwark inquest yesterday on Joseph Rumbol, fourteen, it was stated that deceased, who was employed at the National Envelope Company, Southwark Bridge-road, had been crushed by a lift.

The mother said that when she saw him at the hospital deceased told her a lad named Fiveash rolled him under the lift at the place where he worked.

The lad Fiveash said he and several other lads went into the basement—which the rules of the firm prohibited—and rolled a reel of paper into the hydraulic lift. Deceased got into the lift, and, thinking he wanted to go up the lift, Fiveash admitted that he pulled the rope to set it moving.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

PUTTING OFF EVIL HOUR

How Germany by Wild Finance Defers Time of Paying War Bills.

EXPENSES £2,000,000 A DAY.

How Germany is putting off the evil day when her financial resources will fail her was described yesterday by Sir Edward Holden, chairman of the London and City and Midland Bank, at the annual general meeting of the shareholders.

Twice already the Imperial Bank, he said, has been called upon to furnish money to finance the war.

Soon after its first disbursement the pressure on the bank became too great and a war loan was issued, which brought in 223 millions, sufficing to discharge the debt to the bank.

Money would be obtained again from the bank until the pressure became too great, when a new loan of 250 millions sterling, which had already been sanctioned, would be issued.

New securities and new properties would be pledged, when the loan was taken up, and the Imperial Bank would a second time be paid off.

This would carry on the war for another six months and would bring them up to June, when no doubt the Imperial Bank would once more be required to provide funds.

New loans would be issued and further properties would be pledged, so they might expect an evil day by and by, when this huge pledging would have to be paid off.

Estimating the cost of the war to Germany at £2,000,000 a day, by the end of twelve months there would have been a drain on the people of more than £700,000,000.

MEAT FOR THE TROOPS.

Case for Defence Opened in Summons Against Messrs. Lyons and Co.

The case for the defence was outlined when the hearing was resumed at West London Police Court yesterday of the case in which Messrs. Joseph Lyons and Company, Ltd., of Cadby Hall, Kensington, were summoned in respect of certain meat for the troops at the White City.

The allegation was that on December 3 at the White City 12cwt. of beef intended for the food of man was seized by Dr. Howell, medical officer for the borough, and taken before a magistrate, who condemned it as being unfit for human consumption.

Mr. Pollock, in opening the case for the defence, said it appeared from the evidence for the prosecution that there were a certain number of trays which had meat on that had a faint smell, such as one got in wet weather. They knew that the weather was damp about that time.

A store was opened at nine o'clock, and by eleven o'clock the substituted meat was delivered and dinner was served only about twenty minutes or half an hour late.

Mr. Pollock took objection to a remark by one witness that they had to watch Lyons to stop them from cooking it, and of another that they had to put the meat in the store and police it.

"Was there," asked counsel, "guilty possession of bad meat by the defendant company?"

The Magistrate : You must remember that the attention of Lyons's cook was called to the meat, and that after that he actually began to cook it.

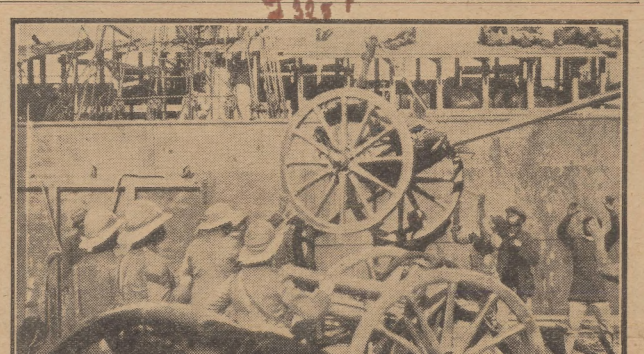
Mr. Pollock : That is the evidence so far, but I hope to be able to remove it.

The hearing was again adjourned.

RAILWAYMEN WANT TO GIVE NOTICE

Railwaymen in all parts of the country have passed resolutions pressing the executive committee of their union to push forward the national programme and secure a substantial advance of wages to meet the increasing cost of living.

Sheffield, Paddington and Bermondsey branches have called on the committee to give six weeks' notice to terminate the contract between the companies and present the programme.



Owing to their not having sufficient accommodation for landing in British East Africa, the troops and guns that arrived there had to be swung on land by cranes.

KISSES AFTER A BALL.

Wife and Her Lover Both Stated To Have Left the Country.

STORY OF BUNGALOW VISIT.

A story of a wife's visit to a bungalow was told in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mr. Frank Ware was granted a decree nisi on the ground of his wife's misconduct with Mr. A. G. Heming, described as of the Westminster Arms public-house, Praed-street, Paddington.

The charges were denied and there were counter-charges of cruelty against the petitioner. Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., for the co-respondent, said he was in rather a curious position. Mrs. Ware had been committed for contempt of Court by one of the Chancery Judges, and he suspected she had gone to Paris.

It appeared that co-respondent had also left for the United States, although he had given instructions for the case to be contested.

Counsel for Mr. Ware said his client was married in 1901, and afterwards started a dress-making business in Chilworth-street, Paddington, which was very successful. They became acquainted with Mr. Heming and Mr. Ware warned his wife of going to the co-respondent's public-house.

She did not obey him, and later, owing to what he discovered, he left her.

It appeared that one night Mr. Heming took Mrs. Ware to a ball. They returned home together. They were kissing, and Mr. Heming stayed in Mr. Ware's house best part of the next day in a spare room.

In 1913 Mrs. Ware and Mr. Heming stayed at a hotel at Hoddesdon, Herts, and they also spent some time in a bungalow near by.

£500 DIVORCE DAMAGES.

The case in which a husband petitioned for divorce as a sequel to an acquaintance made by his wife at a fancy-dress ball ended before Sir Samuel Evans yesterday.

A decree nisi was granted to Mr. W. A. Jones, of the Holloway drapery firm, against his wife, the jury finding that there had been misconduct between her and the co-respondent, Mr. J. E. Duffus.

Damages were claimed, and these the jury assessed at £500. Judgment was entered accordingly.

'YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER.'

Story of Dispute with Sentries at Inquiry Into Torquay Double Tragedy.

The shooting of two officers on the sea front after their motor-car had been stopped by sentries was further inquired into at Torquay yesterday.

The inquest was resumed on the bodies of Sub-Lieutenant Bertram Hart, of the Naval Air Service, and Lieutenant Arthur Simpson, Army Service Corps.

Both sentries have been arrested and are under remand.

A police-constable said that, while taking the sentries to the police station, Harris volunteered the statement that he fired the rifle and that it was an accident.

"The people behind," he said, "knocked my arm up and the rifle went off."

Private John Botterell said he stood between the two sentries close to the car. An altercation took place between Sub-Lieutenant Hart and Harris respecting the number plate.

Sub-Lieutenant Hart said he had passed sentries and satisfied them, and he offered to produce letters to prove his identity.

Harris said, in a very discourteous manner: "I don't want to see any letters. Stand there until my colour-sergeant comes and shut up your rap."

The officer replied "I am your superior officer. Don't talk to me like that."

Suddenly a shot was fired. Witness saw the flame from Harris's rifle.

There was a big crowd, but he did not notice any jostling and did not hear Harris say: "I have shot him. I don't know how it happened. Somebody must have jolted my arm."

"NO BRITON'S HAIR STANDS ON END."

Japanese Doctors Comment on London's Unruffled Calm.

NOT SCARED OF FOE.

"London is great and wonderful, but you British are yourselves even more wonderful."

So thinks Dr. T. Oshima, one of the two doctors in charge of the Japanese Red Cross contingent which has arrived in this country to assist in the work of caring for the wounded of the Allies.

The party, consisting of the two surgeons, two chief nurses, twenty nurses, a secretary and an interpreter, are remaining in London for some days before going to Netley to take charge of wards at the British Red Cross Society's hospital there.

"We all of us admire your great buildings, the streets, the traffic and its remarkable control, the thrilling underground railways and the dashing motor-omnibuses," Dr. Oshima told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

AS IF PEACE SMILED.

"But, above all, we are most impressed by the amazing imperturbability and sangfroid of you Londoners in these stirring days.

"Here you are taking a leading part in the greatest war the world has ever known, and yet you calmly go about your work and take your daily pleasures as if peace smiled upon the earth and you had no worries or troubles at all.

"For the first time in several centuries your peaceful coast towns are bombarded by an enemy, you are threatened with invasion, airships and aeroplanes drop bombs on your very hearths, and yet no man's hair stands on end.

"It is wonderful—a revelation—this self-possession of your people, and it inspires confidence.

"Such things cannot be possible in any other country in the world.

"I have been in many countries, but nowhere are we Japanese made to feel so welcome, so much at home, as in England.

"We are touched at the warmth of the reception accorded us on all sides. The Japanese are proud to be Britain's allies.

"Although we have been here only a few days, we have already paid visits to some of your naval and military hospitals.

"YOUR SPLENDID NURSES."

"The perfect systems of work there command our admiration, and your nurses are splendid.

"They are so well educated—far more so than our own nurses, for the standard of education amongst Japanese is still poor—and all seem to come of good families."

Dr. Oshima, a graduate of the Imperial University of Japan, was in Germany when war broke out, and escaping thence made his way to London, and afterwards to Japan.

Yama Moto, the chief nurse, has seen service in the Chinese and Russian wars and the Boxer uprising. She is the veteran of the party and has a number of medals.

The second nurse, Kyookawho, was also in the Russo-Japanese war. All the nurses are thoroughly efficient.

"Two of our nurses are married, but those two," said one of the nurses, "have left husband, home and comfort to carry out what they believe to be their duty to their country."

"TO MY HORROR."

Stationmaster Tells of Realising That He Had Put Levers Back Too Soon.

The Board of Trade inquiry conducted by Colonel von Donop yesterday regarding the collision, near Streatham Common Station, between three trains on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway terminated yesterday.

The first witness was Frank Edwin Brown, stationmaster at Streatham Common, who stated that the goods train arrived on the up main line and came to a stand in the station between the platform at about 12.30, the train having some shunting operations to carry out.

He went to the shunting signal-box and found the guard of the goods train already there. The guard had already pulled over the levers for shunting the goods train on to the No. 2 siding. He instructed the goods guard to go back and attend to his train.

While witness was in the box the goods train passed. He knew now that he (witness) must have put the levers back before the goods passed the box, but he had no recollection of doing so.

It was after the collision occurred that he realised the levers had been put back too soon, but he was the only person who could have put them back.

Witness said the weather was very foggy. He left the box when the goods train passed and had got a little way down the road when a platelayer told him that the goods train was on the road and that all four lines were blocked.

He saw the passenger train approaching on the down line, and he walked towards it, holding up both hands to try and stop it.

"Did the driver see you?"

"I do not think so," was the reply. "I walked on, and to my horror discovered the goods train standing on the up main line." Witness then realised what had occurred.

THE KING AND GORDON MEMORIAL.

The King has sent £100 towards the funds of the National Memorial to General Gordon, known as the "Gordon Boys' Home," as it has not been possible this year to hold the usual "Gordon" service at Sandringham Church.

GERMANS PAY DEARLY FOR ATTACKS AND SEEK THEIR TRENCH

Allies' Artillery Masters the Foe and Checks Infantry Onslaughts.

RUSSIA'S CAPTURE OF MEN, GUNS AND STORES.

Fantastic Stories from German Headquarters of Sweeping Victories Over French.

TWO ENEMY AEROPLANES FALL IN ALLIES' LINES.

Exhausted, apparently, by their futile and costly attempt to celebrate the Kaiser's birthday by gaining some sort of success, the Germans yesterday passed a quiet day.

All efforts to break the Allies' great line of steel guarding the road to Calais have been in vain, and the Huns' recent failures may well have a decisive influence on the future of the campaign.

"Yesterday was marked by local actions which were favourable to us," says the French official report.

So certain is the Allies' grip on the situation that the Germans when they attempted some infantry attacks in the Ypres district found they could make no progress.

Dunkirk has been the scene of another German air raid, but the damage, it is officially stated, is slight.

Airmen of the Allies have retaliated by dropping many bombs on German camps.

Two enemy aeroplanes were brought down, one by artillery fire near Nieuport. If is very seldom that artillery fire is successful in winging an aeroplane, and the credit for a wonderful shot goes to the French guns.

AIR BOMBS DROPPED ON GERMAN CAMPS.

Enemy Aeroplanes Brought Down and Two Flying Men Captured.

PARIS, Jan. 29.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

Yesterday was marked only by local actions, which resulted favourably for us.

In Belgium, the region of Nieuport our infantry set foot on the great dune referred to in the communiqué of January 17.

A German aeroplane was brought down by our guns.

In the sectors of Ypres, Lens and Arras there were artillery engagements, which were somewhat violent at times.

Some infantry attacks were started, but were immediately repulsed by our fire.

In the sectors of Craonne and Rheims there was nothing to report.

Between Rheims and the Argonne there were artillery engagements of no great intensity.

It is confirmed that the attack which we repulsed at Fontaine Madame during the night of the 27th-28th cost the Germans dearly.

On the heights of the Meuse and in the Woeuvre the day was calm.

In the Vosges there were artillery engagements. Our guns at several points silenced the fire of the German batteries and mitrailleuses.

We consolidated our positions everywhere on the ground won on the 27th.—Central News.

ATTEMPTS TO CROSS AISNE FAIL.

PARIS, Jan. 29.—The official communiqué issued at 11 p.m. to-day says:—

To the east of Soissons the enemy made two attempts to cross the Aisne, one at the Moulin des Roches, the other at the bridge-head which our troops hold to the north of the bridge of Venizel.

Both attacks were repulsed.

Yesterday, January 28, in the middle of the night Dunkirk was bombarded by several airmen, who did only insignificant material damage, but killed or wounded several persons.

Between 11 p.m. of the 28th and 2 a.m. to-day our airmen dropped many bombs on the German camps in the neighbourhood of Laon, La Fere and Soissons.

This morning a German aeroplane was forced to descend to the east of Gerbeviller. Its occupants, an officer and a non-commissioned officer, were made prisoners.—Reuter.

SAXONS' "GLORIOUS DAY."

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 29.—The German Headquarters have issued the following detailed report on the fighting at Heurtebise, west of Craonne, on January 25-26:—

One day's march from Soissons the Saxons had a glorious day on January 25.

The action took place on the Plateau of Craonne. The village of Heurtebise, which has been shot to pieces and burnt down by the French, is situated as a ruin behind the middle of the German position, from which the attack was made.

German trenches ran east and west of the village along the road across the Plateau of Craonne.

Opposite the German trenches were the French trenches, constructed in three lines.

FIGHT FOR QUARRY.

The front line was situated on the southern border of the plateau in a favourable position for infantry fire and artillery observation purposes.

In the centre was the quarry of Creute, offering safe shelter to strong reserves. Our task was to chase the French from these positions.

Our artillery having prepared the way, our infantry attacked along the whole of the line. In a few minutes the earthworks and the French first line of trenches, which had suffered greatly from our artillery, were taken by storm, and soon afterwards the second line was in German hands.

Subsequently the third and last position was attacked across the quarry.

Within half an hour we were in possession of the earthworks and the three lines with the exception of the left wing, where the enemy offered a stubborn resistance.

The quarry itself, from which there was only one exit facing south, was also still in the possession of the French.

Our troops were placed in the captured positions south of the quarry, the entrance to which was bombarded by our artillery. At midnight the 300 men who occupied the quarry surrendered.

The fighting on the left wing lasted until 5 a.m. on January 26.

Then the enemy's resistance there was broken, and we took possession of French positions over an extent of 1,500 yards.

We captured five officers, 1,100 men, eight machine guns, one searchlight and an important pioneer depot in the quarry.

The French prisoners and the killed—estimated to number at least 1,500—belong to the 18th Army Corps. Additional troops which were partly drawn from the Pyrenees fought very bravely, but could not resist the elan of our troops.—Central News.

"TRENCHES" THE WORD OF DOOM FOR GERMANY.

Gloomy Tone of Kaiser's People Since Their "All-Conquering" Armies Were Held Fast.

How Germany's doom is symbolised in the word "trenches" is vividly shown in a letter from Germany by a special correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company.

Life in Germany, he says, was hardly altered by the war in its opening phases.

"As the German soldiers were marching nearer and nearer Paris," he observes, "the prospects of the war seemed bright and happy and the people had every reason to rejoice.

"What, then, did it matter if such a magnificent trading centre as Hamburg was temporarily idle with thousands of people out of work and with hundreds of firms on the brink of ruination!

"During all these first months of the war Germany was a united country, where no dissension was heard or allowed to be heard.

CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

"A change for the worse came by and by. The German Army's retreat from the walls of Paris was the beginning, but was explained away and did not materially alter the existing state of things.

"What brought the great lasting change in public opinion was the dreadful deadlong silence which can be symbolised in the single word 'trenches.' Here was something serious.

"The troop trains, noisily rushing from one part of Germany to the other; the calling up of new men every month, every week, and every day; the home-coming of wounded in greater and greater numbers; the enormous length of the casualty lists in the newspapers—all this spoke in dark, serious and ominous language to the people.

"But that they could stand because, after all, it was the language of war, the consequence of action.

"What got on the people's nerves was the quiet, uneventful daily history of the trenches.

"People began to think: 'Here is something Germany cannot force back. Here is General French's "contemptible little army" manfully withstanding the onslaught. Here are the French and Belgian soldiers still gallantly holding out after Germany imagined they would be beaten. Perhaps, after all, the maxim about our army being unconquerable is not going to come true.'

"These were the saddening thoughts, and what happened later on the seas, when German warships were sunk, and the German mercantile flag swept from the oceans could only tend to darken the horizon.

"And, by-and-by, all the horrors of the war came nearer and nearer, and made the German people feel its grip at their throats.

"The mourners became numerous. Everywhere all over the country could be seen black-veiled women, first in hundreds, then in thousands, and now in many thousands.

"The blame for Germany's isolation is laid upon England, and the people are simply taught hatred of England, of which the following is a curious illustration:—

"A friend of mine was dining out one evening and got into conversation with the head waiter, who explained in a lengthy way how England was responsible, not only for the war, but also for everything else bad under the sun.

"For the sake of argument my friend said that this was undoubtedly so, but he did not think it was quite just to accuse England of the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand.

"The reply was, 'Ah, we have also found papers in London.'"

RUSSIANS TAKE OVER 2,000 PRISONERS IN 3 DAYS.

Austrians' Desperate Resistance Fails to Stem Advance of Tsar's Troops.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 29.—A dispatch from the Great General Staff says:—

There was no important change yesterday in Eastern Prussia and on the fronts of both banks of the Vistula.

In the forest region to the north of Pilkalen and Gumbinnen fighting continues.

In the Borjimoff district the Germans renewed their attacks and were repulsed with heavy loss. Our counter attack in this region succeeded perfectly.

We dislodged the enemy from his trenches at the point of the bayonet and captured several machine guns.

In Galicia, on the front of the Duklin and Vyschkoff Passes, our progress, notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the Austrians, is being successfully maintained, except in the region of the Beskid Pass, where our advance guards in view of the offensive taken by numerically superior enemy forces, fell back a short distance upon a position previously prepared.

During the last three days on the above-mentioned front we have taken more than sixty officers and 2,400 soldiers prisoners and have captured three guns and ten machine guns.

In the Bukowina there is nothing to report.—Reuter.

HAND GRENADES.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 28.—It is officially announced that on the 25th inst. the Russians assumed the offensive north of Tilsit, repulsing the Germans and destroying the station of Pogegen.

Fighting continues in the region of the forests north of Pilkalen and Gumbinen, and in some districts the Russians are successfully advancing.

On the left bank of the Vistula, in the region of Borzhymow, the Russian troops, supported by engineering parties, yesterday attacked the enemy, repulsing them by hand grenades.

During the last twenty-four hours an artillery duel continued on the left bank of the Vistula. The Russian artillery successfully shelled the enemy, silencing several of his batteries and inflicting great losses in the German trenches.

ENEMY FORCED BACK.

In Galicia and the Carpathians front from the Doukla passage to the railway from Stryj to Munkach, the fighting on the 26th and 27th progressed favourably for the Russians, especially in the region south-west of Doukla, where the Russian troops are advancing by means of an energetic attack.

They compelled the enemy to retreat, abandoning ammunition and other stores.

In the region of Giekhanie Dolokhny the Russians on the 27th inst. captured the enemy's fortified position and surrounded another fortification.

In some districts on this front the enemy tried to resist the Russian offensive, but everywhere without success.—Exchange.



Over the graves of the British naval heroes who died in the North Sea victory on Sunday last the "Last Post" was sounded at the funeral. Admiral Beatty was present.

PEOPLE WHOSE HA... IS NOT ON END.

Japanese Doctor's Comment on Calmness of Britain Despite German Threats and Raids.

NOT SCARED OF FOE.

"London is great and wonderful, but y... British are yourselves even more wonderful."

So thinks Dr. T. Oshima, one of the tw... doctors in charge of the Japanese Red Cross contingent which has arrived in this country to assist in the work of caring for the wounded of the Allies.

The party, consisting of the two surgeons, two chief nurses, twenty nurses, a secretary and an interpreter, are remaining in London for some days before going to Netley to take charge of wards at the British Red Cross Society's hospital there.

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"Such things cannot be possible in any other country in the world.

"I have been in many countries, but nowhere are we Japanese made to feel so welcome, so much at home, as in England.

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"YOUR SPLENDID NURSES."

"The perfect systems of work there command our admiration, and your nurses are splendid.

"They are so well educated—far more so than our own nurses, for the standard of education amongst Japanese women is still very poor—and all seem to come of good families."

Dr. Oshima, a graduate of the Imperial University of Japan, was in Germany when war broke out, and escaping thence made his way to London, and afterwards to Japan.

Yama Moto, the chief nurse, has seen service in the Chinese and Russian wars and the Boxer uprising. She is the veteran of the party and has a number of medals.

They belong to the Red Cross League of Japan, which has been in existence about thirty years. After a three years' course of training they remain on reserve for fifteen years.

"During that period," said one of the party, "wherever and whatever they are, in case of emergency they are liable to be called out for service.

"Two of our nurses are married, but those two have left husband, home and comfort to carry out what they believe to be their duty."

TURK GENERAL REPORTED EXECUTED.

Commander of Defeated Army Corps Said To Have Been Shot—Von der Goltz Flouted.

Things are not running smoothly in Turkey for Field-Marshal von der Goltz—a state of affairs not difficult to understand in such a ramshackle army as that of the Sultan.

The situation in Constantinople is said to be "extremely grave."

News has reached Athens, says a Centra... News telegram, that Galib Pasha, lately com... manding the 11th Turkish Army Corps, whi... was crushingly defeated in the Caucasus, ... been shot.

ROME, Jan. 29.—An agency report recei... by official circles depicts the situation at C... stantinople as extremely grave.

Opposition against Enver Pasha and h... policy is increasing, while Talaat Bey's part... which opposed the war, has threatened th... leaders of the war party.—Exchange Special.

ROME, Jan. 28.—According to the Athens correspondent of the *Giornale d'Italia* serious differences have occurred between Field-Marshal von der Goltz and the Turkish military authorities.

Marshal von der Goltz had ordered the commandant of the Turkish army corps at Smyrna to march to the Caucasus. The commandant refused.

Marshal von der Goltz then addressed himself to Djemal Pasha, who declared that it was impossible to march to the Caucasus.

The German Field-Marshal has now left for Constantinople to ask for the intervention of the Sultan.—Central News.

COSSACK CAVALRY IN READINESS TO CHARGE.



This is a bird's-eye view of a Cossack cavalry division massed in readiness to charge the enemy. The Cossack cavalry is the terror of East Prussia.

TOLL FOR THE BRAVE: FUNERAL OF MEN LOST ON THE METEOR.



In a little village churchyard on Thursday there were laid to rest the bodies of the three sailors who were killed in the engine-hold of H.M. destroyer Meteor during the North Sea victory.

HUSBAND IN HOSPITAL.



Lady Frederick Conyngham. Her husband has been wounded in France and is now in hospital at Wimpereux, near Boulogne.

SURGERY BY TELEPHONE.



When the telephone probe touches a piece of metal in the flesh the operator, with the receiver to his ear, hears a noise like falling coals. So the bullet is discovered.

SCIENTIST'S SENSATIONAL SOIL DISCOVERY.

Phenomenal Results From All Quarters.

The Poorest Soil Made Rich.

GLORIOUS FLOWERS AND RECORD CROPS.

Adam was the first gardener and we all have his instincts. But we lack his advantages, for he had rich virgin soil to work on, whereas nine-tenths of present-day amateur gardeners have to be content with what the landlord gives them. Soil is not so good as it was. Productive qualities are missing, the goodness has gone and though your seeds are of tip-top quality your ground does not do them credit.

Why? Just because it lacks the essential fertilising and full-extent-productivity virtues.

Food and Stimulus are her great wants. Soil demands nutrition just as much as human systems. If you take out you must put back.

And this is where "Stimuland" comes right in. Earth must have three great constituents—Nitrogen, Phosphates and Potash.

Feed your ground. Give it—grant it—its just due, and let modern-day science, spelt "Stimuland," play its part.

A ten-times better result will follow, for Mother Earth can then feed her infants. "Stimuland" bestows to the most degenerated soil just the growing, developing, sustaining goodness which any plant or vegetable requires.

Small and big growers alike are increasingly using it, for they *know* it *pays*. A few pence on "Stimuland" works miracles.

Richer blooms, real crops follow—nothing scanty or mean when "Stimuland" has been mingled with the earth.

This is *just* the *time* to *test*. After winter's sleep the earth is awaking—no matter whether in garden, greenhouse, conservatory, window-box or pot.

Do you want record results—of course, you do, and are prepared to spend a few coppers. Then get a supply of "Stimuland"—ask your seedsman, florist, grocer, chemist, or stores, for a 1s. or 2s. tin or 4s. 6d. box, and critically await results.

Don't have another bad year, but get the best out of your garden. Give the soil a chance—feed it with "Stimuland." The cost will be repaid fifty-fold and you'll be glad you took the hint. If unable to procure locally, send P.O. direct to

ALF. SPRING and CO., LTD., BILLINGSGATE, LONDON, E.C.

It will be sent you carriage paid.—(Advt.)

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6d. per ounce; 2/- Quarter Pound Tins.

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MEDIUM CIGARETTES

10 for 3d. 100 for 2/6

OBTAINABLE AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

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CEREBOS SALT

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1915.

PAST AND FUTURE PATRIOTISM.

WE SUPPOSE no time could be better fitted than this for the scrutiny and definition of that much-used term "patriotism," now on the lips of all men. We understand the word so well as applied to ourselves!—it is only when other people use it about themselves that we doubt its meaning, or question the perfection of this virtue. That is because, in other people's patriotism—in the patriotism of our enemies—we only see the exclusive force, the emotion of hatred. To us, their patriotism reveals itself as hatred of other people.

Could there ever be, then, a patriotism which consists not in hatred of other nations, or in jealousy or mere ignorance of them, but in recognition of equal rights for all of them in the world-scheme of things?

A Utopian speculation, obviously inopportune. Meanwhile there can be certainly, while we wait for those distant European realisations, a patriotism here and now which means primarily not hatred of anybody else, but union in sympathy amongst all of us here at home—a union founded not on exclusiveness but on common consciousness of fine things out of our past, great effort here in our present, great hope there for the future. Past, present and future combine in a patriotism worth its name. How many people combine them?

Some people leave out the future. It has been said rather often and printed once or twice during the last few weeks that sufficient unto the day are the battles thereof and that "future generations must really fight their own wars."

But is not one of the objects of our actual fighting this—that future generations in England should be spared our unhappiness? Does not any man or woman with children feel that the future, in this sense, *is* indeed the present, since its affections and needs are the same? Men lay down their lives now in thousands for that future. It is therefore a part of patriotism.

But many more people ignore in their patriotism the whole history of the past struggle of England—what she fought for, and whether rightly or wrongly, in former times; the splendid record in literature of her joy and sorrow; the beautiful marks in stone of her former sons' striving after permanence in beauty. We pull these buildings down at the bidding of a fiend labelled Commerce—quite as destructive as the Kaiser's troops—and nobody protests in the name of patriotism. Only yesterday a letter in *The Times*, from several people whose patriotism does happen to include the past, revealed yet another instance of commerce or convenience imitating the Kaiser in the case of some not negligible houses in Great Queen-street. Small or big, houses or cathedrals, the principle remains true—we have absolutely no right to destroy past beauty for present convenience. It is "unpatriotic"—which ought to be sufficient blame just now.

Past and future, then, being in common patriotism utterly despised, what remains? This ignorant present, with its flame of an hour. Shall we not, after the t-rment of this war, emerge with the lesson that patriotism is a wider thing, involving reverence for dead Englishmen and hope for Englishmen to come as well as pride in Englishmen who fight to-day? W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front. It costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and bookstalls.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE BELGIAN ACCENT.

THERE is a Belgian accent. A few people used to sneer at it before the war. Plays, acted in Paris, made fun of it.

All that is over. The Belgian accent is now the most honourable in the world. I can fancy people trying to acquire it out of snobbishness! The accent of Belgium gives the quality of the people who have won for themselves so great a place in the eyes of all Europe. A. M. E.

Wimbledon.

"TOMMY" AND THE LANGUAGES.

YOUR correspondent, "Linguistic Tommy," points out that he and his comrades do not learn languages "as they receive no encouragement to do so." That is, they receive no promotion.

But, surely, for his own convenience "Tommy" might make the effort—altogether apart from the question of promotion. When he gets to France he will find it so abominably inconvenient without a little French. That, I should have thought, would make it a sufficient inducement for him to learn a few words.

Putney. A TEACHER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EARTHQUAKES.

WE, in this lower sphere, are governed by laws which, being the laws, as we believe, of a beneficent Creator, work for man's general good—though automatically.

That is, He does not as a rule interpose to meet individual hardships. His plan apparently being to give the greatest happiness to the greatest number.

If the individual suffers, that is the effect of the law which is apparent to every observant, thinking man—namely, the law of vicarious suffering, that mysterious fact in human and also in animal life which only the Cross can adequately account for.

These natural laws, which I have called automatic, are both physical and moral. If we ignore physical laws we "naturally," as we say, must suffer. For instance if we eat or drink too much we have to bear the penalty, which, after all, is more remedial than punitive. So also is it with regard to the moral code of laws.

As to earthquakes, than which nothing at first sight can possibly seem more malignant, it is an undoubted geological fact that oceans of molten matter lie beneath the comparatively thin crust of mother earth. Volcanoes are earth's safety-valves, forming vents holes into the heated interior. Most of these volcanoes have these valves to some extent loaded and blocked, and the effort of the confined gases to escape produces the awful phenomena of earthquakes. But if no such passages into the interior of the molten earth existed, what could prevent the pent-up gases from accumulating until they had gained strength enough to rend a continent—perhaps the whole globe—into fragments?

If, therefore, benefits far outweighing the evil are the result of the terrific agency of volcanoes and earthquakes, we cannot charge Nature, even in this case, with being malignant.

Moreover, the earthquake zones are well known, and can more or less be avoided as human dwelling-places. E. A. B. B.

EXTRACTS FROM BIG WILLIE'S SPEECHES.—No. 8.



Big and Little Willies' pose as "servants" of the German people, if taken literally, might lead to their getting turned away!—now that they have broken to pieces all the ideals that made the honour of Germany.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 29.—As a general rule the rambler roses should not be planted against walls; they do best when grown in the open. But the following climbing roses are fine for this purpose. Madame Bernard (salmon yellow) and the almost evergreen Rêve d'Or (yellow) look lovely when blooming on a house wall.

If a white variety is needed, let Madame A. Carriere be planted; this has very large and fragrant flowers. Climbing Lady Ashdown (pink), Mons. Désir (velvety crimson) and Climbing Liberty (crimson) are all beautiful roses, the first-named being one of our most precious sorts. E. F. T.

THE CHILDREN'S PA

What Is the Feeling of Young [illegible] and Girls About the War [illegible]

"NOT WHILE I'M AT TABLE."

APROPOS of the present discussion in your columns, the following little incident took place at a house in Brittany the other day:—

The family, including Baby Gabrielle (aged about four), were at déjeuner. The war, inevitably, was the subject of conversation.

"Bébé," demanded an elder sister with a certain austerity, "es-tu Française ou Allemande?" ("Are you German or French?"

Baby looked up, ter[illegible] and bewilderment in eye. "Moi?" she st[illegible] mered, pathetically sirous of saying the r[illegible] thing and anxious to feild no one. "Moi, suis à table!" ("I—I at table!")

Which would seem prove the futility of tr[illegible] ing to make the laughter lit minds of children comprehend war, with its attendant misery a[illegible] horrors. A GROWN [illegible]

SHOULD THEY BE TOLD?

WHY teach children th[illegible] seriousness of the war?

Is it not enough anxiet[illegible] to us, that we should see to burden the childr[illegible] with it also?

Let parents remo[illegible] the little children France and Belgiu[illegible] who have learned horrors of war at th[illegible] hands of a savage fo[illegible] and be grateful that the[illegible] have the chance to kee[illegible] their own children [illegible] security and happine[illegible]

W[illegible]

A NEW NAUGHTY WOR[illegible]

I FANCY one of the chi[illegible] effects of the war up[illegible] our children has been t[illegible] satisfactory provision [illegible] new terms of abuse.

I find that when my t[illegible] little boys now quarr[illegible] over their games—and[illegible] am afraid they do qu[illegible] rel rather often — t[illegible] sternest term of abu[illegible] one can find for the other is: "You German!"

That always leads to[illegible] blows. A DISTRACTE[illegible] PARENT.

Prince's Gate.

THEIR MARTIAL SPIRIT

DON'T we get to kno[illegible] what the children thin[illegible] and feel as we see in t[illegible] streets those bold rovi[illegible] bands of armed urchin[illegible] beating kettles?

This is the spirit o[illegible] Britain arming for th[illegible] future.

I think it would be [illegible] great pity if our childre[illegible] were so protected fro[illegible] the war as not to realis[illegible] its gravity.

No—they ought to kno[illegible] and to realise. Tha[illegible] need not mean, of cours[illegible] that they need have an[illegible] of the horrors of it thru[illegible] at them.

G. E. GOLDSMITH.

Thames Ditton.

ONLY THE WILLIES.

I THINK my children's interest in the war is mainly taken up with the Willies. Every morn[illegible] up to. After that they seem not to care much[illegible]

I don't know whether this can be called tr[illegible] patriotism, but it is certainly a big complim[illegible] to your cartoonist. C. M.

Thurloe-square, S.W.

THE TRUE LOVE.

Immortal Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty that can never fade:
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,
While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which siding with invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.
Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit.
The world is theirs; they too play out the game,
Thou standing by; and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,
Who sings thy praise? Only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There are only two roads by which any important goal can be reached—sheer strength and perseverance.—*Goethe.*

FINE BELGIAN PLAY IN LONDON.

P.12663



"Le Cloitre," the wonderful Belgian play, is now being performed at the Kingsway Theatre. In this scene the Prior, M. Grommelynck, tells Balthazar he has been absolved from a great sin. In the smaller photograph is Mlle. Marie de Nys as Dom Marc. This tragedy is one of the most famous in Belgium.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

FIGHTING THE FLOODS

9331 D



This photograph shows a detachment of British troops in Flanders o floods. Although the flooded state of the country has rendered the wor as the Germans have in this respect. T

OUR NEW ZEALANDERS IN EGYPT.

Lg. 6181



A contingent of the Empire's defenders from New Zealand, now quite ready for the Turks in Egypt, are seen here at transport work near the Pyramids. They are pulling horse fodder.

NURSED VICTOR.

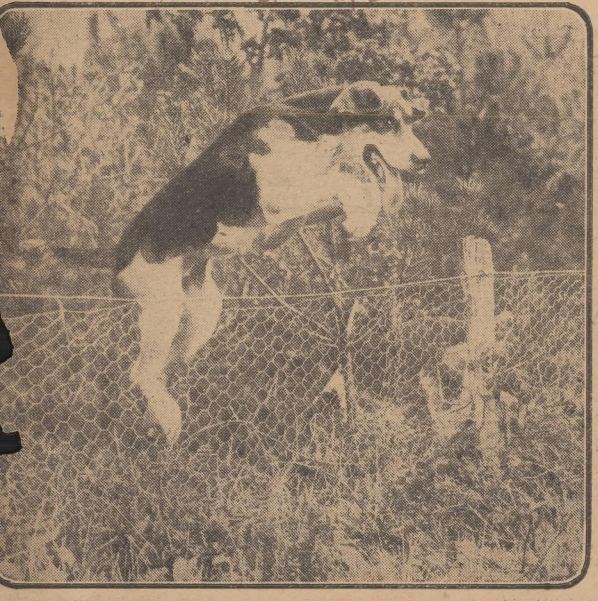
P. 16935



Mrs. Bywater, Admiral Beatty's old nurse. She lives near Nantwich, in Cheshire.

STEEPLECHASING DOG TAKES WIRE JUMP.

Sport 29 E



This remarkable photograph shows a fox-hound taking a wire fence as though he happened to be a steeplechaser taking the water jump.

THE GREAT LITTLE FARMER: MASTER KIDNE

P. 16936



The little farmer cuts hay.



Bringing h

The Education Committee has submitted a report suggesting that children over twelve should be allowed to leave school during the war and start work on farms. These photographs show Master

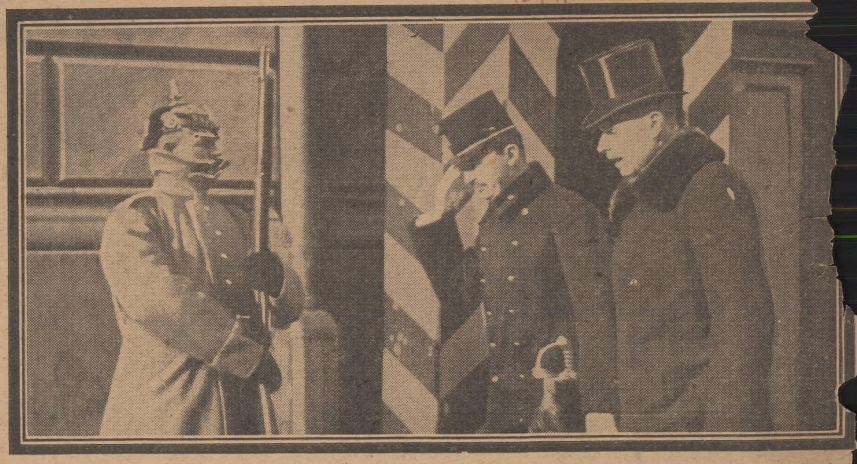
ELL AS THE GERMANS.



ndeavouring to get a military wagon out of a ditch during the recent
k of transport exceedingly difficult, we have not suffered so severely
hey have had floods and "inundations."

WHAT DID HE TELL THE KAISER?

P. 1247



The arrival of the Archduke Franz Josef of Austria, heir to the Austrian throne, on his recent visit to the Kaiser. This visit has been much discussed in diplomatic circles. What was its purpose? Did the Archduke call to tell the Kaiser that Austria realised she was beaten?

OUT IN THE PARK.

P. 16446



Teddy Slingsby, the child in the Slingsby case, out for his morning exercise in the park.

HUSBAND GETS £500 DAMAGES.

P. 16935



Mrs. Jones, the respondent, and Mr. Duffus, the co-respondent, in the divorce case in which it was stated Mrs. Jones had gone to a fancy-dress ball as a French poodle, leaving the Courts.

, AGED TWELVE, CULTIVATES AGRICULTURE.

P. 16936



pigs' food.



Feeding the pigs.

Kidney, who lives on a farm near Harrow, doing some of the farm work which can be done easily
y children. Master Kidney farms before going to school.

NEW CLOTHES FOR THE BLUECHER'S SAILORS.

T. 11918



The Germans rescued from the Bluecher have now got new clothes. Here they are marching from Edinburgh. Judging from their smiles, they seem not at all displeased with their captivity. They are just glad to be alive.

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

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INDIAN INFANTRY.

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P462

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

MBASSADOR'S.—Mdes. Delysia, Hanako, Sim, Carroll, dfour; Messrs. Playfair, Morton in Harry Grattan's ue, "ODDS AND ENDS," at 9. Preceded by Hanako Otake," at 8.30. Mats. To-day and Thurs., 2.30.

LY'S, Leicester-square. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. ts. Weds. and Sats., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' duction, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices.)

URY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED. 1.30 and 7.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 1.30. rge Graves, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Renee Mayer. Box-office open 10 to 10. Gerrard 2583.

KE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. ARLES FROHMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. rie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 2, and RSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 8. **RICK.** 2.30 and 8.30. THE GIRL IN THE TAXI. Miss YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne." . Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 9513.

E.—To-day, 2.30. Eves., 8.15. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30. SS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART. **MARKET.** At 2.30 and 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. N AINSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY ARLE. Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sats. Prices 1s. to 7s. 6d.

MAJESTY'S. DAVID COPPERFIELD. -day at 2 and 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2. HERBERT TREE. EVELYN MILLARD.

NGSWAY. THE DYNASTS, by Thomas Hardy. O-DAY (Sat.), 2.30 and 8. (Last 2 performances.)

NDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway, W.C. GRAND ANTOMIME, ALADDIN. Twice Daily, 1.30 and 7.30. Pat Prices. "The Times" says: Most Brilliant.

RIC THEATRE. THE EARL AND THE GIRL. To-day, at 2.30. Evenings (Mondays Excepted), at 8. Matinees, Mons., Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

LLADIUM. PANTOMIME. To-day, 2.15. DICK WHITTINGTON. Matinee only. Clarice Mayne, Harry Weldon and Co. of 150. ghtest and Funniest. LAST PERFORMANCE.

YALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. MAT. THURS., SATS., 2.30.

LA.—KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. NIMATED WAR MAP. Exploits of the "EMDEN."

JAMES'S. KINGS AND QUEENS. New Play, by Rudolf Besier. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. EORGE ALEXANDER. MARIE LOHR. Matinee, Weds., Sats., at 2.30. Box-office, Ger. 3903.

AFTESBURY. F. R. BENSON and Co. in HENRY V. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. LAST TWO PERFORMANCES.

AND THEATRE. MISTRESS WILFUL. To-day, at 2.30. To-night, at 8. LIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel., Ger. 3830.

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MBRA. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE ncluding Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime). rtists. 8. Revue, 8.50. Mats., Saturdays, 2.30.

DROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue, NESS As USUAL," by VIOLET LORAINE, UNITY CHRISTINE SILVER, HARRY TATE, MORRIS Y, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER.

E.—Christmas Version of THE PASSING SHOW W (Weeks), with Bransby Williams, Basil Hallam, Keys, Gwendoline Brogden, Mado Minty, Lewis ew scenes, new songs, Tableau, "Le Rêve"), rick, etc. War Pictures, 10.50. Passing Show, MATINEES, WED. and SAT., at 2.

LADIUM.—5.10 and 9. LITTLE TICH, RUTH VIN. NDAY EVENING, MAIDE SCOTT, and H. B. IRVING Story of Waterloo," etc.

KELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES, St. George's W.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s. to 5s. ALESCENT SOLDIERS and SAILORS FREE.

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LIGHT.—Send word soon, dangerless. Hope. Birstall.—P.

GIRLIE.—20th Poste Restante address? Love. Yours quite.

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By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



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FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

He does not know anything about her—not even her name. But day after day he has become more enthralled with her beauty and personality.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench.

"I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Lelaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father who is very ill."

Lionel Craven is very silent. Then he tells Derek that he has fallen whole-heartedly in love with the girl.

Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

* * * * *

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity.

One night, when they are nearing Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. "I love you—I love you," he says. "It's impossible," she cries tremulously. "You hardly know me." Lionel pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

* * * * *

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff. Fay comes in. Laughingly, she says that she must take her husband away for a minute.

When husband and wife are together she asks him what it is that Lionel wants. Ashley Creswick tells her. "You must be mad," his wife says.

Ashley Creswick then confesses that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manœuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement, she cables to young Hepstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa.

FAY IS TROUBLED.

LIONEL CRAVEN stood rather helplessly holding in his hands the paper Fay had given him.

"What should you say it means?" he asked.

Fay shrugged her shoulders. "How can I say?" she replied. "It's hardly likely the girl would come all the way home from Africa for the sake of a fortnight's holiday. I should feel inclined to think that some unexpected change in her domestic affairs has sent her back. Perhaps she quarrelled with her people and went out again through pique; perhaps she was called home for sudden illness and found that after all she was not wanted. There might be half a dozen reasons."

"The last one is the reason," said Lionel emphatically. "Her father was ill, and that's why she came home; she never told me so herself, but Derek Trench found it out on board. I remember it quite clearly."

"Oh, well, in that case," said Mrs. Creswick, "it's quite obvious she found when she returned that the old man had recovered and she has gone back to her post."

"But why?" cried Lionel irritably. The injustice and cruelty of the whole thing as it concerned himself came vividly before him. "Why should she go without letting me have a single word? What does she think of me? What sort of a man did she suppose I was? To say to me the things she did, and to make me the promises she made, and now—nothing, not a word! Is that the way of women, Fay?"

Mrs. Creswick shrugged her shoulders again. "You might as well ask me," she said, "if it is the way of dresses to be red—there are red dresses; there are also many other colours. There are women who would act as callously as Miss Delaval seems to have done, and there are others who could not."

Lionel fired up suddenly. He might reproach the woman he loved as bitterly as he liked, but he was not going to allow anyone else to do it.

"I told you before," he said heatedly, "she's not that sort of girl!"

"Well, we won't argue about that," Fay replied. "The point is, what are you going to do? Are you going to be a reasonable man and forget all about it, or are you going to keep the African cables busy with long messages and worry yourself into an early grave because a woman has thrown you over?"

"Neither," Lionel replied grimly. "If Ashley will let me have the money I'll go out by the next boat."

"Do be sensible, Lionel! You don't even know that this report is true."

"But you said you trusted the man."

"Yes, I trust him absolutely, and I think he's probably quite right; but why not confirm it? It gives you the name of the boat here. Why not go down to the shipping company and see if Miss Delaval's name is on the passenger list? What sort of a donkey would you look if you got out there and found it was on a wild-goose chase?"

Lionel nodded thoughtfully. "That's sensible advice, anyway," he said. "I'll go at once."

"I'll tell Walters to bring round the car," said Fay. "You'll be able to get back to lunch then. I shall be dying to know."

"Thanks awfully, Fay, but why don't you put on your things and come with me?"

"No, no," she cried, shrinking suddenly from him as she remembered Paul Schroder and the danger of another encounter. She saw the bewilderment on her companion's face, and recovered herself with a little nervous laugh.

"Why, what's up?" Lionel asked.

"Nothing," she replied. "I've just remembered something important I had forgotten. Go, my dear boy, and get back as soon as you can."

Mrs. Creswick sank back into a chair when he had gone, and wiped the moisture which had broken out on her brow with her tiny scented lace handkerchief.

There was an indescribable look of terror on her face now that the Lionel crisis was over. It had succeeded—she knew that well enough—she was fully convinced that her brother-in-law would be on his way to Africa within the next few days, and that Ashley would be safe from all danger of exposure at the hands of the Delavals.

The strange part about it was that the certainty of it left her cold and indifferent. Now that her plotting and scheming on this account had come to an end, the far greater terror which was smothering her with a sense of impotent panic—only kept in abeyance by her forced preoccupation with Lionel's affairs—descended on her with redoubled violence.

Her thoughts flew back to yesterday's meeting with Paul Schroder.

Why had he let her go so easily? Perhaps, after all, he did not mean to persecute her. Although he had always been hard up when she had known him in the old days, it was evidently not money he wanted now. In their short interview her quick eyes had noticed that he was better dressed than formerly, though still untidy.

If she could believe the man, he had made it quite clear what he wanted. It was her boy. She shuddered when she thought of it. It was such a new aspect of the disposition of a selfish, brutal man, who had never in her recollection shown the slightest affection for his child, that she refused to believe the emotion genuine.

And yet he had cried—she had seen with her own eyes the tears well up and trickle over the coarse face. A drunkard's tears, she told herself scornfully, but somehow the explanation did not quite satisfy her.

Her thoughts wandered to her son. It was the little fellow's first term at boarding-school, and in rather more than a month he would be home for his Christmas holidays. Her mind tried vainly to reconstruct the ambitions she had formed for his future. For that she had married Ashley Creswick; for that she had swallowed down her hatred of the man and accepted him for the wealth it would place in her hands.

She had wheedled the moneylender into giving her sums which made his avaricious soul groan in secret. She had tempted him to cheat his brother Lionel of his inheritance and encouraged him with her plotting and scheming to cover up all tracks of the robbery.

And all for what? For Paul Schroder to regain possession of the boy she so passionately adored and so completely lived for? The other danger—the fact of what exposure would mean to her: the loss of her wealthy husband and of such a position as riches could ensure—this was as nothing.

It was intolerable, and for once in her life Fay Creswick wept bitterly.

Meanwhile Lionel had gone excitedly to his room, and while the woman he had just left was making a frantic attempt to dry her eyes in case he returned had put on his hat and coat, slammed the front door behind him and started out on his mission.

He was so intent on his own thoughts that he hardly noticed a man stop suddenly at the end of the street and look at him in amazement.

"Why, Lionel, old boy!" cried a well-known voice, "going for the fire-engines or what?"

Lionel stopped abruptly. "What, you, Trench?" he said. "I didn't know you were in town. Why didn't you let me know?"

"Didn't know I was coming myself till this morning. But what's the hurry? I was just coming in to see you."

"Too long to tell you now," Lionel replied. "Let's get a taxi, and come with me into the City, and I'll tell you all about it on the way."

TRENCH'S DISCOVERY.

DEREK TRENCH obeyed with half humorous resignation. He was accustomed to his friend's domineering ways, and knew the uselessness of resistance.

Lionel hailed a cab, and gave the driver a number in Fenchurch-street.

"You seem very full of business," Derek said when his companion joined him. "Tell us all about it."

Lionel coloured a little as he confessed it was not altogether business.

"Miss Delaval again?" asked Derek. "Don't tell me you're going to meet her, because I had enough of playing gooseberry on board coming home."

"No such luck!" Lionel replied. "Do you know she's back in Africa?"

"Back in Africa? Who?"

"Miss Delaval—Jean."

Trench looked at his friend as if he had taken leave of his wits. "On the contrary," he said, "I happen to know she's not."

"How do you know that?" asked Lionel, startled.

"Because I met Mrs. Macdonald an hour ago—you remember her? She knows the Delavals—or what is even more fruitful of news, knows of them."

"Well, and what does she say?"

"Oh, she's told me the whole story. Poor old Delaval is at the last gasp, dying down at Folkestone, and a cable was sent to his daughter to return. I expect you know all this?"

"Go on," said Lionel grimly.

"Well, it seems she came back and found things even worse than she supposed. The old man—her father—was not only dangerously but ruined."

"Ruined?"

"Absolutely, I understand. He ha into the hands of the Philistines—i words, had got into the clutches of some ous money-lender. Mrs. Macdonald told name, but I can't call it to mind at the m Creston, or some such name as that, I think

A strange, hard look had come over Lione face. "Why didn't she ask me or tell me so thing about it?" he said.

"Didn't she?"

"Not a word. On the contrary, she sen four lines, telling me not to think any mor what happened on board and to forget all a her. Now I discover she sailed only this m ing for Durban."

"Sailed for Durban!" said Trench won ingly. "That brings us back to whe started. I don't believe it, old chap."

"Then I'm glad to have you for a wit for I'm going to see the shipping company prove it for myself. She sailed on the Inc this morning at ten o'clock, and her name be on the second-class passenger list."

"Then I'll believe it when I see it. What you going to do if it's true?"

"Do? Why, go out by the next boat, course, and you're coming with me."

"Oh, nonsense! You can't say I don't study your little fancies, Craven, but I'm bothered if I'm going to drag off again to the wilderness before I've hardly tasted a dinner in town. I'm going to have at least a month of riotous livi and another month of business in the no and you are coming with me."

"Oh, no, I'm not. I can't drag you out Trench, but if you don't come I go by myself."

"What about money?" asked Trench shrewdly.

"The money will be all right. When we left the shipping office I'll take you to see m brother, and you can satisfy yourself."

They left the cab—the fare for which Trench insisted on paying—and entered the shipp office. There, in plain type, stood the nam Jean Delaval. Lionel's finger stopped wi came to it.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"Looks all right," Derek replied, "though don't understand it."

"Come and see my brother now," Lionel said He walked fast and in silence. Ashley's offic was small and obscure for the office of such wealthy banker. It was the first time Lionel had been there, and he rather wondered at but he left his friend in an outer room whi he went in to see Ashley.

Derek Trench, left alone, scratched his hea in perplexity at the recollection of the name h had seen on the door. "Ashley Creswick?" he said to himself, repeating it several times "Why, that's the name of the moneylender Mrs. Macdonald told me about."

There will be another long instalment o Monday.

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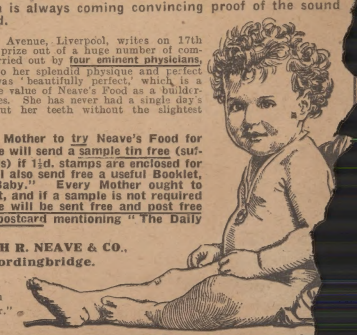
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Mrs. Boulton, of 173, Northbrook St., Princes Avenue, Liverpool, writes on 17th April, 1914: "Our little girl was awarded first prize out of a huge number of competitors. The examination was most rigidly carried out by four eminent physicians, and they were unanimous in their decision as to her splendid physique and perfect state of health. One of the Judges said she was 'beautifully perfect,' which is a great tribute to the value of Neave's Food as a builder-up of healthy babies. She has never had a single day's illness, and has cut her teeth without the slightest trouble."





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Be sure to mention "The Daily Mirror."

Eva Norah Boulton.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Lieutenant Paulhan.

Lieutenant Paulhan.

Hardly a day passes now but I see some familiar name included in the military news of our own or our Allies' countries. Yesterday it was Louis Paulhan's name that caught my eye. Since the war has been frequently mentioned in dis-hes for acts of bravery, and now I see to be Lieutenant Paulhan in the French y.

n He Flew to Manchester.

irst met Paulhan in the bitter cold of an April morning in a field on the outskirts Manchester, into which he dropped from clouds, the winner of the first air race from London to Manchester. We thought his performance a wonderful one in those days; he had flown the whole distance between the two ties. I had seen him start from Hendon and motored through the night, arriving in me to greet him on his arrival at Manches-er. Night flying in those days was not con-idered practicable. And that was not quite e years ago.

istory and Romance.

Paulhan's flight was an historic one and a antic one; he was followed all the way by wife in a special train, which pulled up by de of the field where he alighted within minutes of the airman's arrival. But I ember there seemed a jarring note in the mance of the flight when I ran forward to eet the little Frenchman. I think I was the rst to congratulate him, and I wondered actly what he would say. Something his-ric, I thought.

hat Worried Him.

And that was when romance fled. Paulhan ad no word to say on his triumph, no message rom the upper air to hand down to future generations. He was terribly worried; he had ost his handkerchief and he had a frightful old. That, he said, had harassed him most his great flight. And colds in the head and mance never seem to go together, somehow.

Distress Call.

A friend who has just returned from South America tells me that one night on the voyage home they suddenly received a pecial distress call by wireless from one of he cruisers engaged in the Falkland Isles attle. "We have run out of cigarettes and obacco," it ran. "Can you help us? Every ttle helps."

ood for Steerage.

There were on board about thirty steerage assengers, twenty of whom were coming ver for the special purpose of enlisting. hey took the matter in hand, and in a very hort time had collected 36s. This was spent n purchasing cigarettes and tobacco in the moke-room. The good news was wired to he cruiser, and the thanks which came back rom the sailors were exuberant and almost lamboyant. The precious cargo was trans-erred later.

The Eert's Rate.

My friend sends a warning to those who are about to embark on a long voyage. "Do ot," he says, "by any chance book an out-ide berth. As a rule, it is a luxury when ome to the hot climates, as you can have porthole open all night. But now that is l changed. You steam at night without a ht showing, and thick blankets are placed er the portholes, which make the heat in cabins terribly oppressive. Where the ide berths are, fans are always going. I £11 extra for an outer berth, and bit-I regretted it."

aiser as Scarecrow.

A friend who was recently motoring in the country, about two miles from Paris, me that he came upon a Kaiser scare-w. It was an excellent imitation of the War Lord, with moustache menacing eavens, spiked helmet, military great-nd all. The explanation was a simple The peasant who owned the field has ighting at the front. The young man ent home the helmet and cloak of r of the Prussian Guard. His father the military trophies to make a figure of the Kaiser. At first the ere too terrified to approach it, but ly, even with the Kaiser, breeds t, and now they treat him with the disrespect.

Fortune for a Duchess.

The bequest made to the Duchess of Manchester by her father, the late Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, should prove to be a valuable one, for the fortune of the millionaire railway magnate has frequently been estimated at vast proportions. Some idea of its magnitude may be gathered from the report current a few years ago that Mr. Zimmerman had disposed of his railway interests in America for a sum variously stated at anything from £5,000,000 to £10,000,000.

Very Rich One Day.

I see that under the terms of the will the whole of her father's estate is left to the Duchess and afterwards to her children, of whom there are four—Lady Mary Alice Montagu, Viscount Mandeville (the heir to the Dukedom), Lord Edward Eugene Fernand Montagu and Lady Ellen Millicent Louisa Montagu. These young people, one may safely assume, will one day be very, very rich.

Trials of a Shipwreck.

It is only just a year ago that the Duke and Duchess were the victims of an alarming and thrilling experience off the coast of Colombia, in the Caribbean Sea. They were wrecked while yachting in Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt's boat, Warrior, and before being rescued endured considerable hardship. Lashed to the rails of the wrecked boat, they were forced for hours to watch the heroic but vain efforts made by the boats of another steamer to reach them. Wireless, as in so many other cases, proved their salvation and brought another vessel to their aid.

A Versatile Duke.

The Duchess of Manchester, before her marriage, was a very well-known figure in American society. She has been described as "very good to look at rather than classically beautiful." Most of their married life has been spent by the Duke and Duchess on their beautiful Irish estates, to which they added the magnificent castle of Kylemore, in Co. Galway. The Duke, who is now a captain in the Lancashire Fusiliers, has had a wide experience of the world in his thirty-seven years of life: among other things, he has been a journalist.

A Honeymoon Revival.

In this season of revivals "A Chinese Honeymoon" is very welcome. Do you remember this remarkable musical play at the dear old ramshackle Strand Theatre, which is now a railway station? It was then most of us were first introduced to Miss Lily Elsie, then fresh from the North. And how we used to laugh at the whimsical oddities of Louie Freear, and how delighted we were with the imitations of Marie Dainton.



Miss Marie George.

The New Stars.

Well, the old piece, as seen at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is as fresh and merry as ever. Miss Dorothy Minto does not try to copy Louie Freear as Fi-Fi. She plays the part on her own lines, and shows her wisdom. Miss Marie George, beloved of Drury Lane audiences, makes a welcome reappearance on the stage as Mrs. Pineapple. In Mr. Alfred Wellesley we have a really brilliant character comedian.

Critics Confounded.

By the way, when "The Chinese Honeymoon" was originally produced all the critics, or nearly all, said it couldn't last. Then it ran for years. After every six months or so the critics were invited back to see the "Honeymoon," and every time they liked it a little better than before. It was funny.

"La Commandatur."

If there were any "slackers" in the Criterion Theatre the other night, when I saw the Belgians giving "La Commandatur" they must have had an unhappy time. Mlle. Jane Delmar as Catherine has a most powerful speech, in which she denounces men who, instead of fighting, remained in Belgium selling newspapers. And she spoke it with sincerity, too. It was almost like a little sermon from the stage. The play deals with the German invasion of Belgium, and it is particularly well done. I think the Belgian players will remain a feature of London theatrical life long after the war is over.

Sergeant Sherlock Holmes.

A dandified young relative of mine joined a cavalry regiment this week, and gave me yesterday a screamingly funny account of his experiences. On his first parade the men stood bareheaded, and my relative's well-tended hair, carefully parted in the centre, obviously did not meet with the approval of the sergeant-major. After a couple of minutes' survey he said, in anguished surprise: "Oh, so that's where our butter is going!"

Total 1,530.

We had a fine football day yesterday to finish a fine week's work. Yesterday's reinforcements numbered thirty-six, bringing the total up to 1,530. During the week we raised 208 footballs, and we are driving back our good friends the enemy slowly, but surely.

More Still, Please.

The 1,500 mark was reached very early in the day. A generous anonymous donor telephoned early in the morning that he was sending six to complete that number, and the rest of the day was equally encouraging. Now that we are into the second half of the second thousand, let us hurry up and complete it. We can't be too quick for "Tommy." Every battalion that comes out of the trenches seems to write to me announcing the fact that now they have a chance for a game—if they can get a ball. It's our job to supply the ball.

Russia's Baldness Epidemic.

I hear from an English friend in Russia that there is just now a terrible epidemic of incipient baldness throughout the Tsar's dominions. The symptoms of this are varied by rheumatic pains in the head, and for these distressing conditions there is only one treatment—rubbing the head with spirits of wine.

A Wonderful Cure.

Spirits of wine is, of course, alcohol, and one of the best ways in which to apply it is in the form of brandy. Whisky and wines, too, are considered good, and one of the biggest chemists in Moscow, I hear, sold over 20,000 roubles (£2,000) worth of alcoholic liquors during the Christmas and New Year week—all to "rub into the head," of course.

Actor-Captain.

Stageland has sent many of her sons to the colours, and one at least, I see, has made quick progress in his new "part." After thirteen years on the stage, Mr. Eric Maturin obtained early in the war a lieutenant's commission, and yesterday his appointment as a captain in the Army Service Corps was officially notified.



Mr. Eric Maturin.

"Sergeant" Maturin.

Born in India, and a public school boy, Maturin first tried the City, and then "chucked his job" to make his debut on the stage at the Haymarket in an appropriately military play, "The Second in Command." He played the part of a sergeant, and he had not then turned twenty. So now he is getting along in the Army quite nicely. After several tours in England and in the States with Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, Maturin made a distinct London hit as an exquisite "nut" in Pinero's "Mid-Channel."

Walked to Brighton in "Pumps."

One exploit that showed the stage had not spoilt his wind for a long march was a walk which he made to Brighton in "pumps." A wager was the cause of the freak tramp. A member of the Isthmian Club laid odds of 50 to 1 in sovereigns against Maturin walking in "pumps" from London to Brighton in twenty-four hours. With a friend, he left Piccadilly at midnight, wearing a cricket shirt and shorts.

Shoes Watertight.

They were allowed to eat and drink what they liked, but the distance had to be covered without running. The two clubmen plodded on, had breakfast at Crawley, and reached the Aquarium, Brighton, with an hour and three-quarters to spare, the bet won, and their shoes still quite watertight. That was two years ago, but by plenty of open-air sport Maturin has always kept fit.

THE RAMBLER.

British v. German Soup Squares



Before the War the English market was flooded with German Soup Squares, which had a very large sale. The Patriotic British public now refuses to buy these German productions, and calls upon British manufacturers to produce goods of equal or superior merit and thus permanently capture this German trade.

The well-known firm of Foster Clark, Ltd., of Maidstone, has succeeded in producing a fine variety of

2d. Soup Squares

which give the housewife better value than was given in any foreign soup squares, so that it is not only patriotic but profitable to buy these British products. Foster Clark's Soup Squares are the most nourishing, most appetising, and most economical Soup Squares yet produced. **Each 2d. square makes 1½ pints** of delicious and wholesome soup, boiling water being all that is needed.

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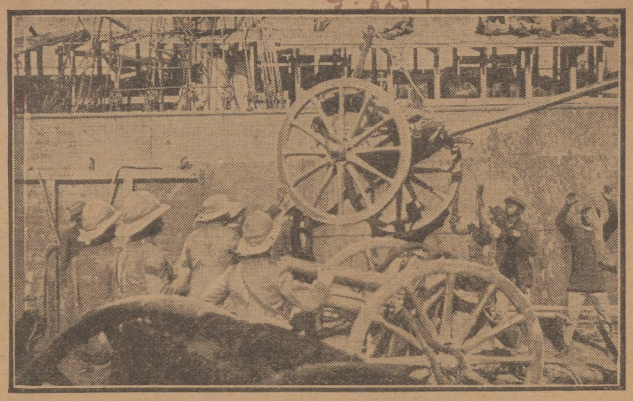
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of this guaranteed pure licorice free of all cost and post free to soldiers now serving in H.M. Forces in this country. Readers who have friends in training may apply, or soldiers may apply direct; the free sticks will be packed and dispatched post free direct to the recipient wherever stationed.
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This offer only applies to Troops in the United Kingdom, but the Proprietors are making arrangements through their Continental Agents for a special distribution to troops serving on the Continent.

TOMMY ATKINS AT WORK IN EAST AFRICA.



Owing to their not having sufficient accommodation for landing in British East Africa, the troops and guns that arrived there had to be swung on land by cranes.

NEWS ITEMS.

196 Wounds, and Still Alive.

Having lost both his eyes and one finger, says the Exchange, Sergeant Marchand, a French reservist, who was struck by 196 pieces of shell, has just been discharged from hospital.

County Court Judge Drilling.

Judge Cluer, of Shoreditch County Court, says the *Volunteer Training Corps Gazette*, has joined the Maidenhead division of the Courts of Justice Corps and has begun to drill.

International Killed in Battle.

News was received in Liverpool yesterday that Second Lieutenant P. D. Kendall, of the Liverpool Scottish, a famous Birkenhead Park, Cheshire, and England Rugby footballer, had been killed in action.

Schoolboy's Fatal War Game.

While playing at digging trenches with another boy yesterday Robert A. Davies, a schoolboy, of Tanyvrai (Denbigh), fell under his companion's falling pick, which pierced his brain and killed him.

Silver Bugles for Useful Scouts.

The Duke of Connaught has presented to the Ottawa boy scout troops, says Reuter, two silver bugles, given by the officers of Princess Patricia's regiment for services rendered during the mobilisation of the corps.

Wants News of Wounded Chum.

Private Baker (3rd Royal Sussex), now lying wounded in a London hospital, is very anxious for news of his wounded chum, Private Bachelor, information concerning whom can be sent to Miss Allan, 27, North Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

Fatal Wish to See His Wife.

That he walked from Salisbury to Birmingham to see his delicate wife, was arrested as an absentee and had a fatal fall in a cell was stated at Portsmouth yesterday at the inquest on Private Stansbie (Oxford and Bucks Regiment), a verdict of Accidental Death being returned.

'CHASING AT KEMPTON.

Kempton provided some splendid sport for a big crowd yesterday, but the failure of most of the best-backed horses made it an expensive afternoon's entertainment for the majority of visitors.

Lutteur III., the Grand National top-weight, was not saddled for the Littleton Steeplechase, and in his absence Maid Marian was favourite. She was easily beaten, however, by Dark Collar and Silver Top, the former winning very luckily by a neck.

There was another surprise in the Middlesex Maiden Hurdle, in which Cigar, a 100 to 7 outsider, won in a canter from Oppliger.

Another excellent programme is arranged for this afternoon. Selections are appended:—

1.30.—Staines Hurdle—LYSANDER.
2. 0.—Bilton Hurdle—PREFECT.
2.30.—Norbiton Steeplechase—CORTIGAN'S PRIDE.
3. 0.—Crawford Steeplechase—COSHMA.
3.30.—Egham Hurdle—MICKY FREE.
4. 0.—Hanworth Hurdle—SERGOI.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
LYSANDER and PREFECT.
BOUVERIE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

1.30.—Weybridge Chase. 2m.—King of the Sea 1st (2-1, P. Lyrell), 1; Rhine Na Shark (85-40), 2; Sky Pilot (8-1), 3. 4 ran.

2.0.—Thames Valley Hurdle. 2m.—Wild Aster (6-1, Duller), 1; Roy Hamilton (100-8), 2; Thaddeus (8-1), 3. 15 ran.

2.30.—Paddock Chase. 2m.—Valentine Maher (9-4, Parfement), 1; Captain Dreyfus (9-4), 2; Kinsella (8-1), 3. 8 ran.

3.0.—Middlesex Hurdle. 2m.—Cigar (100-7, Piggott), 1; Oppliger (10-1), 2; Screamer (5-4), 3. 17 ran.

3.30.—Littleton Chase. 3m.—Dark Collar (10-1, Avila), 1; Silver Top (3-1), 2; Maid Marian (2-1), 3. 7 ran.

4.0.—Kempton Hurdle. 2m.—Padnair (11-2, Duller), 1; Dublin Bay (100-8), 2; Scarlet Button (6-1), 3. 13 ran.

MILITARY CROSS-COUNTRY.

Cross-country running is playing a very important part in the physical training of the new Army, and a record field of about 800 runners, representing upwards of forty units, will take part in the race at Aldershot to-day for a challenge shield and medals presented by the Southern Counties Cross-Country Association.

Among the officers entered is Major R. H. Greig, commanding the Royal Engineers Railway Troop, Longmoor. Second-Lieutenant W. H. E. Gordon (Gordon Highlanders) is a member of the Cambridge University A.C., and Second-Lieutenant W. G. Danson (11th Yorks.) in an old Herne Hill Harrier.

Of the men, L. G. Dance (51st R.F.A.) won last week's race by a minute from S. Wood (13th Durham L.I.).

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THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, January 30, 1915.

The Daily Mirror

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When you are sending home SNAPSHOTS of interesting happenings at the front or on the high seas, why not send them to "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., which pays liberally for all war photographs used?

12,000 WIRES BROKEN.



Nearly 12,000 telephone wires were broken by the snow in South London. Soldiers showed that, like the sailors, they are handymen and helped to repair them.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

THE GERMANS OCCUPY "POLAND'S MANCHESTER."



Kind and gentle is the Hun, when it serves his purpose. The picture taken after the occupation of Lodz by the Germans, shows soldiers in the square opposite the Town Hall buying market produce from the people. Lodz is the Manchester of Poland and is a very prosperous city.

GIRL SOLDIER.



Russian girl, named Kokoozeva, who got to the front in disguise. She was wounded.

TRAMWAY CAR USED AS HEARSE.



The body of the Rev. Mr. H... for Crippled Children, was c... The pict...

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